

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Air—"The Dawn of Day."

To Great Salt Lake I journeyed,
One summer's hottest day;
And like a sea it stretched in view,
With all its islands gay.
I reached the shore delighted,
Quite anxious for a treat;
When to the briny waves I plunged,
To cool the noon-day heat.
To swim therein was awkward.
So I made the waves my bed;
Then floated like a boat with sail,
And steered my course ahead.
Soon after this strange voyage
Was o'er, I made a halt,
And came on shore well washed with brine,
Which turned me white with salt.

Salt Lake's among the wonders,
To sink no one need fear;
One-fourth is salt, more than enough
To salt this earthly sphere,
It sports no fish like oceans,
But has its gulls to show;
This "dead sea" lake is crystal-like
The brinest waves I know.
It swallows up the Jordan,
And other streams beside;
But has no outlets any where,
Unless beneath its tide.
The sun sank down deep-crimson'd,
His couch the waves to make;
While I would hasten to my home,
To sing of Great Salt Lake.

JOHN S. DAVIS.

